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PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 18th, 1908.

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1908

NEWBICK, MAINE.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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CIRCULAR No. 216.

Dear Sir,

On the 18th inst. of this date, kindly give to the
address, one of our agents who will call on the 19th inst. at the
Presidential election of 1908. We wish to forward literature
on the subject of Protection.

Give Name Address only.

Ask your neighbors to co-operate in this work.

Additional copies will be forwarded free upon application.

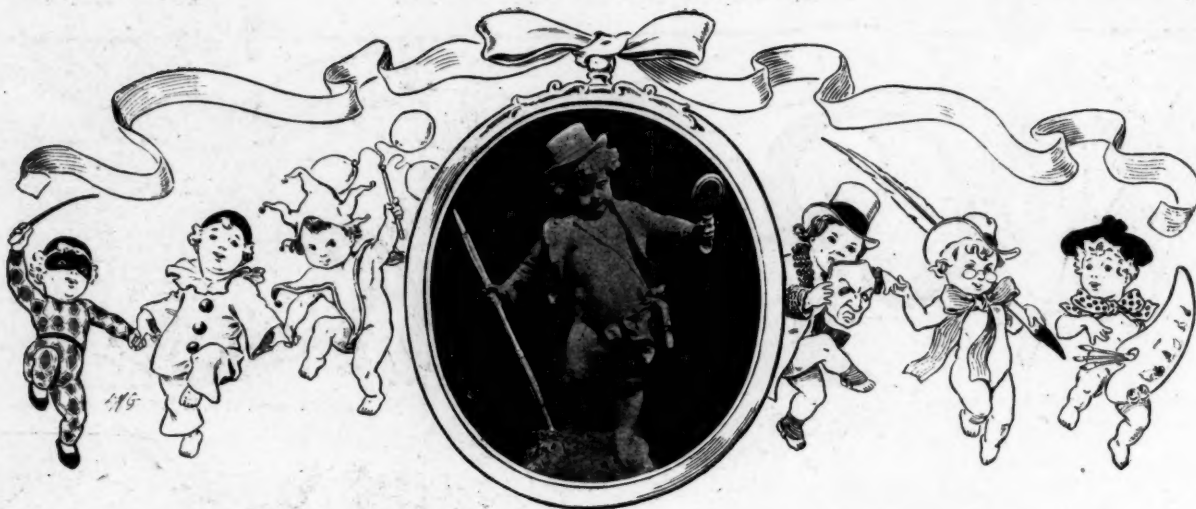
Very truly,

AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE.

125 Broadway, New York.



"SWEET! SWEET!"



KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1620. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1908
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE between the thief who steals a million and the thief who robs a till is the fact that the former usually can get a change of venue. When the accused is a banker who has betrayed his friends and neighbors it is always necessary, according to law, to try him in another county where he is not the innocent victim of unreasoning "prejudice."

HONESTY is the best of "my policies."

IT SEEMS to us that the *World* owes Governor Johnson an apology.

It is one thing to boom a man for the presidency, and Mr. Johnson can find no fault with the *World* on that score, but it is another and much more serious thing to show him clad in a paper cap. The paper cap is the sole property of "Labor," quite as much as the plug hat and white side-whiskers are the sole property of "Capital," and in times when the Labor vote is essential to success, neither Governor Johnson nor the *World* can risk being misunderstood.

IT is a trifle discouraging to modern reformers to find that forty years ago the people, in Mr. Tilden's phrase, "had not lost hope that free government upon this continent might yet be saved." But the fact that this always has been a sad bad world is no reason for not trying to improve it. It takes years for the light of the nearest star to reach us, and light travels a million times faster than political reform.

WE ARE not at all sure on the subject but we can't get it out of our head that there was a place on the Hudson called Esopus about four years ago.

OUR ALWAYS instructive contemporary, *Leslie's Weekly*, prints a neat portrait of Charles W. Morse. Beneath the portrait, in unmistakable type, it describes Mr. Morse as "one of the most enterprising business men of this country, who lately met with misfortune." So it was "enterprise." We had an idea that the Grand Jury regarded it as something else. However, all will agree with our "conservative" contemporary that he "lately met with misfortune."

IT is nearly two years since we invited our railroads to acquiesce with a becoming grace in their approaching bankruptcy.—*New York Sun*.

Piffle! Thirty years ago the railroads were threatened with the same dire fate; they survived. Ten years later they were again "menaced"; again they survived. And they will continue to survive

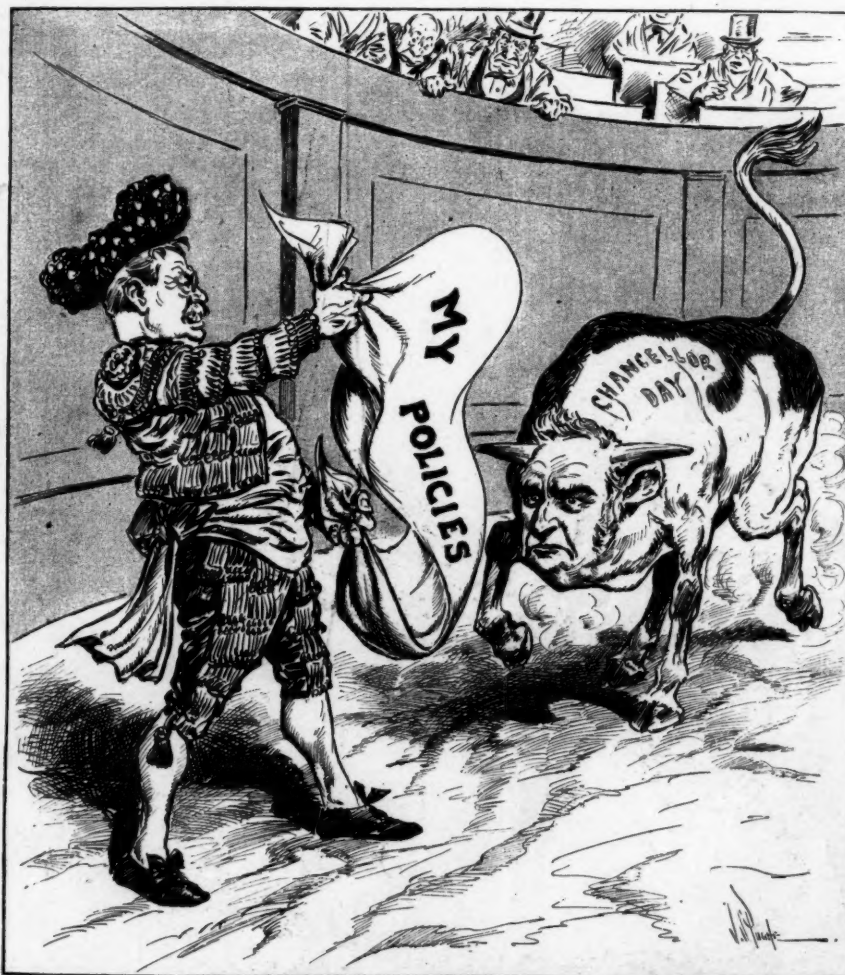
so long as they play fair, voluntarily or under pressure. The *Sun* knows, as well as anybody else, that the railroads are not private enterprises and cannot be operated as such.

AN ENTHUSIAST proposes that every adviser to the President wear a white chrysanthemum. There are enough chrysanthemums to go around in this neck of the woods, but the supply would not last long west of the Mississippi.

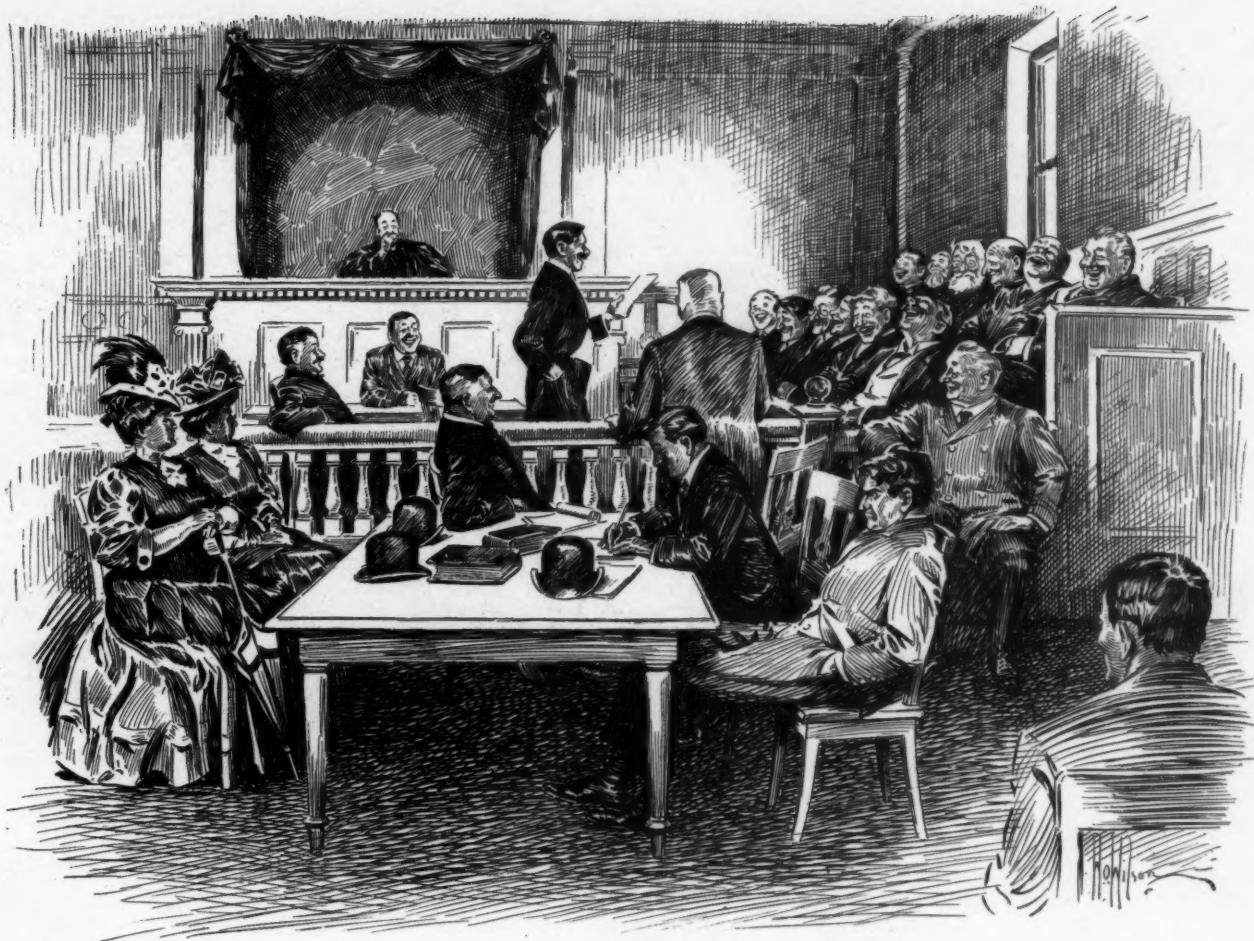
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY's physical director published statistics showing that liquor produces no injurious effect on the average college student. Unfortunately college students are not sequestered, and when they get drunk they become a nuisance to sober citizens.

WE HAVE always observed that it makes a great deal of difference in this world whose ox is gored.—*The Sun*.

During the past year or two the *Sun's* ox has been pretty badly gored.



LIKE A RED RAG TO A BULL.



PUZZLE PICTURE.

FIND THE MAN WHOSE LETTERS ARE BEING READ ALOUD.

WHAT HE NEEDED.

“HAT was great stuff you gave me for my rheumatism,” said the workingman as he hobbled painfully into the doctor’s office. “It was the only thing I ever tried that did me any good.”

“I don’t see that you have improved much,” replied the doctor, rather skeptically, as he scrutinized through his glasses the man and his crutches.

“That’s because I quit it,” returned the patient. “While I was taking the stuff I was as active as I ever was, and felt like a two-year-old.”

“Then why in the world did you stop it?” gasped the doctor.

“Because,” said the man, “I found out that it was made in a non-union factory.”

“But,” interposed the doctor, “you told me you wanted to go back to work, and you know very well you can’t work in your present condition.”

“That’s so,” assented the patient.

“Then why didn’t you keep on taking the stuff that made you well?”

“If I had, I’d have got into bad standing with the union and I wouldn’t have been allowed to work. Now I’m in good standing, but not able to work. That’s why I’ve come to you for advice.”

“My good man,” replied the physician, addressing him kindly but firmly, “if you feel that way, there’s no use seeing a doctor; what you want to do is to consult a Philadelphia lawyer.”

A HINT TO BURBANK.

THE STOREKEEPER (of Plainfield).—I see as how they’re makin’ pianners now’days with them there mechanercal players right inside ‘em.

FARMER GRAYSON.—Well! Well! Looks like the fore-runner uv the cow that’ll do her own cream-separatin’, b’gosh!



TOP-LINERS.

VAUDEVILLE MANAGER (to non-professional wife).—What? Jimmy slapped Bessie? And threw a hammer at her? And called her names? Great! Let the kids rehearse that act every day for a week and I’ll book ‘em right through till June as Bings and Bangs, Juvenile Comedians, in their Screaming Skit, “About the House!”

PUCK

A DEFENCE OF REPORTERS.



B LAME not the poor reporter's part,
Or correspondent's bad behavior
In this delicious age of art
And photogravure.
No more we write the gory news
And in cold lines and columns cram it;
We get a "face"—no matter whose—
And diagram it.

"X marks the place where Eva died."
"The map shows Bryan's latest losses."
("Don't bother if the type is 'pied';"
The news is in our Maltese crosses.")
"The arrow indicates the spot
Where Pastor Cashman blessed the Koreys;"
"The silhouette, where Murphy shot
Himself and fell down forty stories."

Let sad reporters be absolved;
It is not they who fail to see right
Since modern newspapers evolved
The art of "re-write."
"Our-correspondent-on-the-scene"
Is dead, or selling teas and coffees;
Our "graphic stories" now we glean
Right in the office.

The "tip" comes in: "Ten dead in wreck;"
We ask no more of cheap description;
Our "vivid writer" throws, at beck,
An adjectival conjunction.
Next morn our piteous columns wail:
"Steel chargers crash in sheets of fire,"
While "women scream" and "brave men quail."
(A date line: "First full news by wire.")
Chester Firkins.

A FEW HINTS ON ECONOMY.

AT A time when the price of diamonds is constantly rising and the value of railway securities is more and more uncertain, a few simple hints on practical economy will without doubt be useful to many whose modesty forbids them to seek advice in the usual way by letters to the department editors of the ladies' magazines and the Sunday papers.

In the first place never economize at the expense of health. Whatever your income something should certainly be devoted to healthful recreation and travel. A season at Palm Beach each winter may save, no one knows how much, in doctor's bills and the expenses for trained nurses. Your stay need not be a long one. From



DEEP SEA MILLINERY.

MODISH MERMAID.—Of course, girls, it's a trifle heavy, but then just think of the style it has about it.

the first of January to the middle of April (if the spring be an early one) will usually be found ample to give a fund of strength upon which the bread-winner may draw during the long stretch which intervenes before the summer vacation. Of course, economy demands that on our trip North we should not delay long as the idle-rich may do at Aiken or Hot Springs. A week or two at either or both resorts will be enough to avoid the danger of a too rapid change of climate.

A most useful hint to those who must carry economy into little things on such a trip, is to have one particular pocketbook reserved for small change to be given in tips. If this pocketbook is always kept well filled with five and ten-dollar bills it will often save the annoyance of having to choose between giving a larger sum than is strictly necessary or writing a check for the amount you wish to give.

For even a moderately large family the item of railway fares for

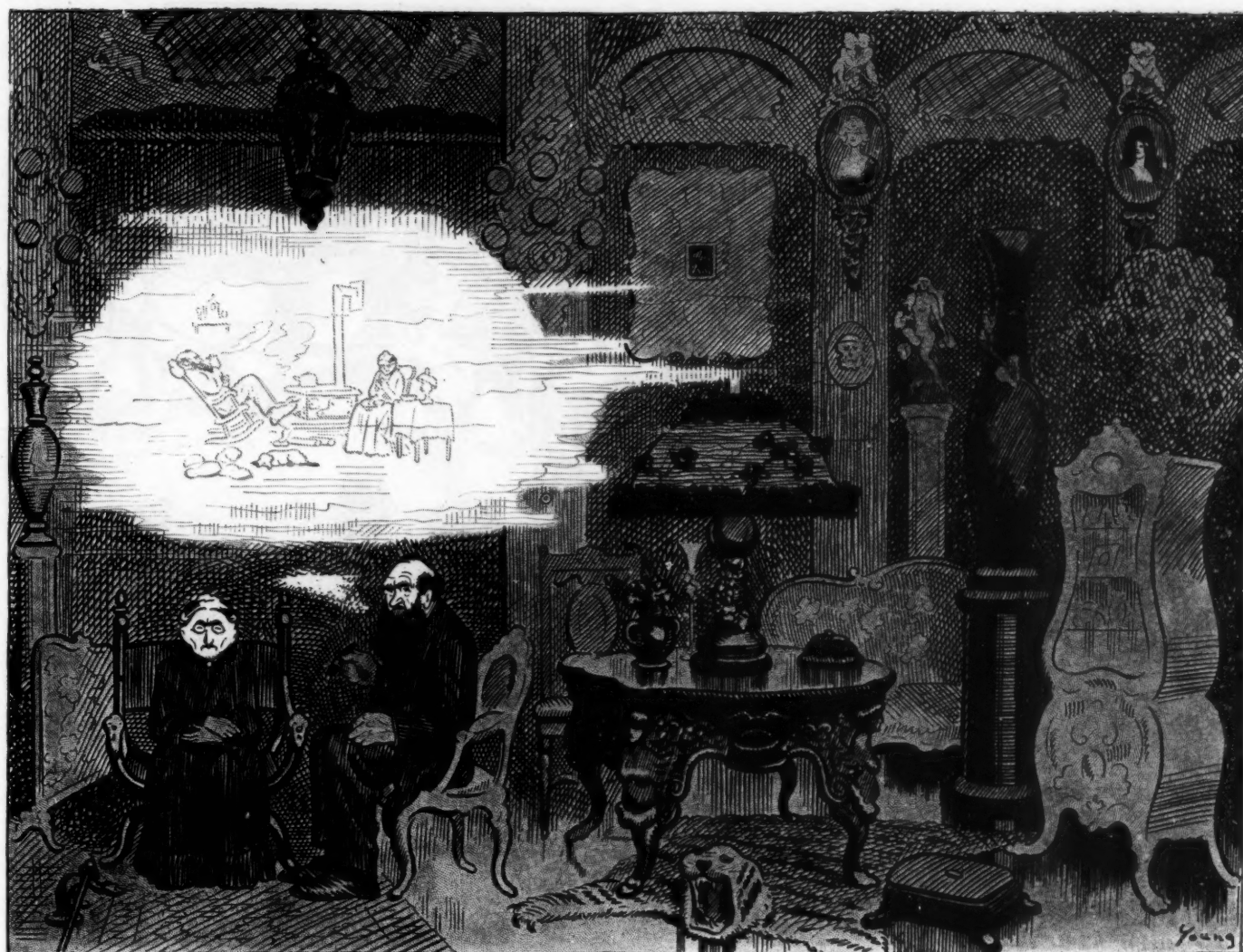


A car is empty when every seat is taken.



A car is not full until every *inch* is taken.

FROM THE RAILROAD COMPANY'S VIEWPOINT.



"ENJOYING."

"Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Wiggins of here are enjoying a few months in the city, living with their son, Henry Wiggins, the chewing-gum magnate."—*Backwoods Weekly Sentinel*.

such a distance, is not inconsiderable. A private car, of course, saves something in Pullman charges, but by far the best plan is to make the journey in your own automobile. The expense for gasoline and lubricating oil will not be nearly as great as for railway fares, your chauffeur's wages you would have to pay in any case, and the other expenses of the trip may fairly be set off against the gratuities you would have to distribute among the servants of the railway and Pullman companies. Try this plan and you will be astonished at the effect on your bank account.

The mention of your automobile suggests another item of economy. Do not make the mistake of buying a too expensive car. From ten to fifteen thousand dollars will buy a really substantial and servicable machine. You should, of course, have a second car for emergencies; but this need not be so expensive; indeed, many rigid economists use their previous season's car for this purpose. If you do this, a few coats of paint and new upholstery on the car will enable you to practise this saving without attracting undue notice, for while there is nothing of which to be ashamed in a careful economy, it is not well to be ostentatious in its practise.

So far our advice has been addressed to the husband and father of the family, but it is to the patient and careful wife and mother that the chief opportunities for saving and planning present themselves. A few words to them may be of even greater value than what has been already said.

By all means employ a housekeeper. No woman can play her best game of bridge if her mind is constantly preoccupied with thoughts of housekeeping and the care of children. Besides, any housekeeper can easily show you that she saves all you pay her by

the economies her experience has taught her. The monthly bills may not show it, but she certainly ought to know best.

Have a governess for the instruction of the younger children. This plan saves all waste of shoe-leather in walking to school. If necessary, keep one horse less in your stable. A really good governess is worth quite as much as a horse, and the children will learn easily the social art of snubbing and bullying their inferiors by having her constantly under them. Besides, there is always the chance that she may teach them something.

You will probably buy your gowns when you visit Europe in the Spring. Nearly everything that a woman needs can be bought in London or Paris as cheaply as in New York, and you have all the fun of getting them through the Custom House besides. See that your ladies-maid is up to her work. If she knows her business you will be able to wear a frock not only on two or even three occasions during the summer season at Newport or the North Shore, but with the little changes her ingenuity can suggest you may wear the *very same dress* several times during your stay at Palm Beach or Aiken. Just consider what this saves in a year! A good ladies-maid is a real treasure to an economical woman.

G. W. Merrill.



INELIGIBLE.

LIT'RY PERSON (invited to lunch).—Oh, but see here, old chap! I'll never be allowed in there! I'm a poet, you know!

It is better to have loved and lost than to be now paying alimony.

PUCK

A GREAT TRUTH.

"You don't mean to say," said Whittler, "that you are going to the theatre with me with those clothes!"

In truth, Mrs. Whittler looked shabby—there was no doubt of that. A hat at least two years old, a coat that "had seen better days," a skirt that was

frayed at the edges—all were noticeable even to Whittler's careless eye.

"That or nothing," she sadly replied.

"But you don't look right. Why, I never saw you look worse!"

"I can't help it, my dear. It's your own fault. I certainly don't enjoy it," she sighed.

"Nor would you, in my place. It's humiliating. But you know you've been preaching economy, and of course I couldn't go against your wishes."

There was a pause. Whittler got up and surveyed her more critically. Then he shook his head.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "has it come to this? Well, well—of course, my dear, we can't have this sort of thing. We'll give up going to the theatre to-night and wait until you

can get some better clothes. He began to walk up and down excitedly.

"I don't care how much it costs!" he exclaimed. "This, certainly, will never do. It's awful. Take 'em off, my dear, and put on a teagown."

"All right, darling."

Mrs. Whittler disappeared. But in an incredibly short space of time the door opened. Whittler could scarcely believe his eyes. Everything was new that she had on—from her fetching hat to her new shoes.



FROM HENDRIK HUDSON ANNIVERSARY GUIDE, 2009.

"The tourist bent on the picturesque and novel will not be half so much interested in the express submarines to Coney Island, or the ninety minute airship rush to Chicago and back from the 122d floor of the Columbus Circle Depot, as he will by a never-to-be-forgotten trip on one of the nine amazing horse-car lines in New York City, the only surviving examples that the whole world offers of this quaint and rustic means of locomotion."

"What's this?" he exclaimed. Oh! I see. Your little joke, eh? When did you get these things?"

"They just came."

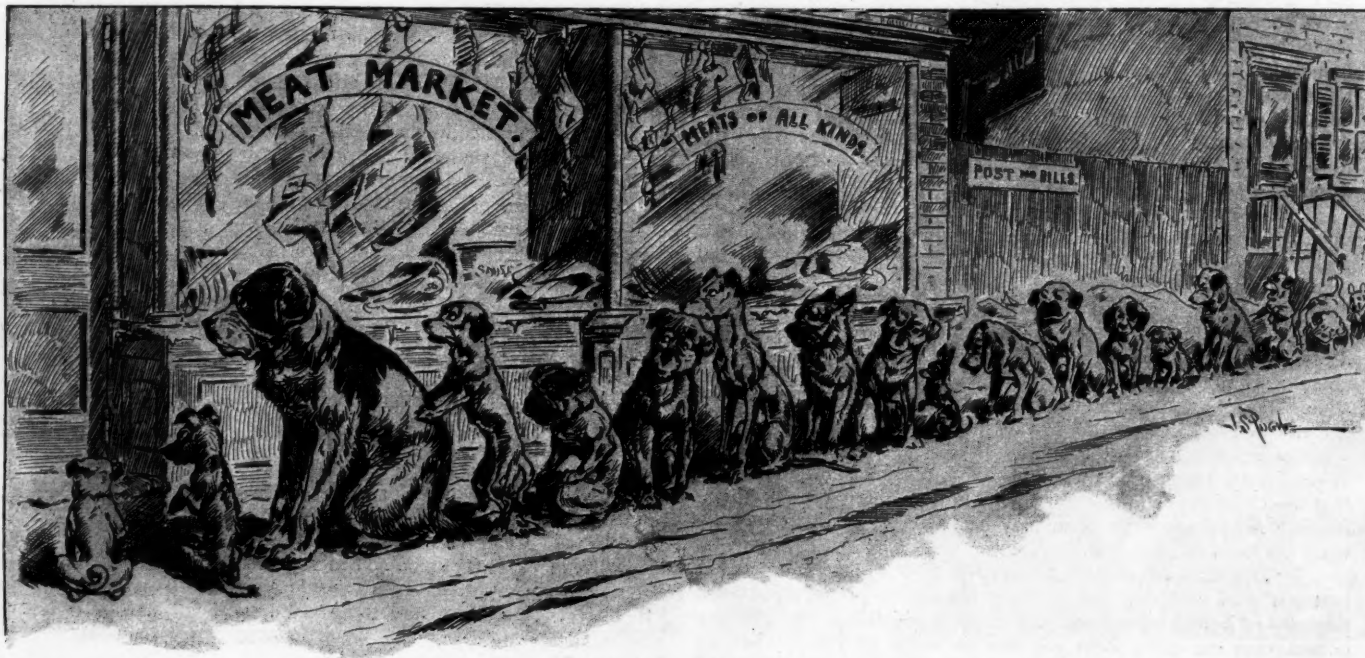
"And so you deceived me, Got me to say you must have them."

And Mrs. Whittler replied calmly, "My dear, nothing of the sort. I merely demonstrated to you, in the most effectual way I could, that I have to spend money on my clothes, because you demand it."

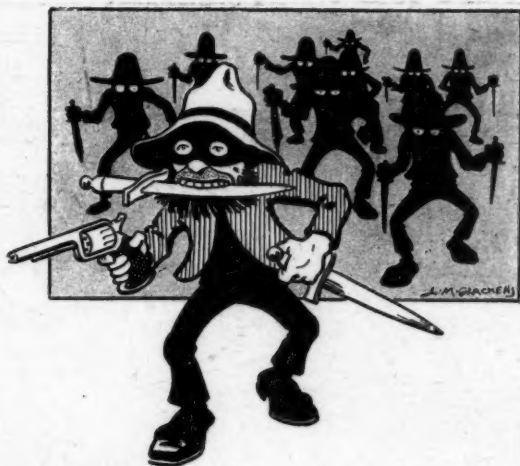
T. L. Masson.

PIECES THEY SPEAK.—V.

Give me three grains of corn, mother, —
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.



HARD TIMES.
THE BONE LINE.



A SOCIETY LEADER.



REFORM IN OUR TOWN.

HERE was a man in Our Town
And Jimson was his name,
Who cried: "Our civic government
Is honeycombed with Shame."
He called us neighbors-in and said:
"By Graft we're overrun.
Let's have a general cleaning up,
As other towns have done."

The citizens of Our Town
Responded to the call.
Beneath the banner of Reform
We gathered one and all.
We sent away for men expert
In hunting civic sin,
To ask these practised gentlemen
Just how we should begin.

The experts came to Our Town
And told us how 'twas done.
"Begin with Gas and Traction,
And half your fight is won.
Begin with Gas and Traction;
The rest will follow soon."
We looked at one another
And tried a different tune.

Said Smith: "Saloons in Our Town
Are palaces of Shame."
Said Jones: "Police corruption
Has hurt the town's fair fame."
Said Brown: "Our lawless children
Pitch pennies as they please."
Now—would it not be wiser
To start Reform with these?

The men who came to Our Town
Replied: "No haste with
these.
Begin with Gas—or Water—
The roots of the disease."
We looked at one another,
And hemmed and hawed a bit;
Enthusiasm faded
From every gathered cit.

The men who came to Our Town
Expressed a mild surprise.
Then they, too, at each other
Looked "with a wild surmise."
Jimson had stock in Traction,
And Jones had stock in Gas,
And Smith and Brown in this
and that;
So—nothing came to pass.

The profligates of Our Town
Pitch pennies as of yore,
Police corruption flourishes
As rankly as before.
Still are our gilded gin-mills
Foul palaces of Shame.
Reform is just as distant
As when the Experts came.

B. L. T.

THE PUBLIC EYE.

HOW HAD they got into the public eye? Various. One man
had stolen a hundred million. Another had committed the

murder of a century. A woman there was who had run away with
her husband's coachman. But now, on a sudden, the public winks at
their crimes, and behold, they are all swept out, and vanish forever.

GROTESQUE.

HE conceived a grotesque whim for driving his car more slowly
than it could go. Friends warned him, but he persisted.

At the end of a month he began
to show signs of a nervous breakdown.

In six months he was taken to a
madhouse.

"Poor fellow!" sighed every-
body, in speaking of him.

Yet it was his own fatuousness
which had been his undoing.

WHAT WE MIGHT DO.

Editor PUCK:—

If you were to picture a barber
combing a man's hair in the center
you would have a football term—
A center! W. E.
320 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.



PERSONAL.

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
(to stenographer).—Take this letter.
Mr. Willie Jones, Jersey City, N. J.
Dear Willie:—Your note requesting
permission to leave the room is at hand.
In reply would say that you have my
consent, provided you are not absent
more than five minutes. Yours very
truly, and send it by special delivery.

We would, William; we cer-
tainly would. And if we were to
picture a young man stroking an in-
cipient moustache we should have
another football term—A touch-
down! Good—eh! Then we might
picture a fisherman landing a forty-
pound salmon and have still another
football term—Right tackle! A regular scream—what? Not to
mention a picture of a man receiving twenty-five cents change out of
a dollar, which, of course, would be Quarter-back. Stop your gig-
gling! Or perhaps he got fifty cents change—Half-back! There
goes a vest button!

William, you have no idea of the number of things that we
might do. This is a mad world, William—a mad, mad world.



THE SIX BEST SELLERS.

(IN THE U. S. A.)

Language is the vehicle of thought, but a lot of times it travels empty.



THE PUCK PRESS

WHY NOT GO TH
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE LADIES WHO ASK T



NOT GO THE LIMIT?
LADIES WHO ASK THE RIGHT TO SMOKE IN PUBLIC.

PUCK

THE DEBUTANTE PLAYS BRIDGE.



“LET’S SEE . . . what’s trumps? — Oh, Grace, your hat’s a dear,
And so becoming, too. . . . Girls, did you hear
That Clara Gotrox is engaged at last
And to a count with a dreadful Past
And not a penny to his titled name?
(I dote on bridge; it’s such a clever game.
Let’s see . . . what’s trumps?)
There’s Catherine over there
And *entre nous*, I hear she dyes her hair
And paints; — but I might, too, with such a face!
(Oh, partner! did I really trump your ace?)

Who is that freak three tables to the right?
I saw her at the Wilbur-Brownes last night;
Some parvenu, no doubt, and goodness knows
I think a blacksmith must design her clothes.
(Are hearts or diamonds trumps? Oh, that’s a fact,
It’s clubs.)

Some girls are so devoid of tact;
That Carlton creature in the last year’s hat
Just makes me mad as mad — she’s such a cat,
And nearly snaps your head off if you don’t
Keep absolutely dumb; — of course, *I won’t*.

Oh, girls, Jack’s so devoted it’s a joke,
He’s quite my shadow. — What! did I revoke?
Well, anyway, I think it’s mean to take
Three tricks from me for just that small mistake.
Bridge bores me frightfully, I’m bound to say,
Though Jack says it’s astounding how I play.
Why *will* some hostesses invite such frumps?
Oh, dear! — my lead again? — Let’s see . . . what’s trumps?”

Ella Bentley.

BALM FOR THE AGED.

THE Aged Parent was greatly, very greatly, in the dumps.
“For, look you,” he said, “I don’t know half as much as my eldest daughter — she told me so a hundred times; and Jim and Bill can simply lay it all over their dad when it comes to arguing;



OR MONEY REFUNDED.

CLERK (to suburban couple). — Of course we have cheaper stoves in stock, but with *this* stove at four hundred dollars goes one of our guaranteed cooks, who will stay with you a year without pay.

and my wife says that if ever there was a stupid man about the house it’s me and no mistake.”

“But,” we said, “remember you have the bulge on them in one way. Limited as your intellect may be you are still the only one of the bunch that can earn the daily soup and salad.”

The Aged Parent now smiled and went his way completely reassured by our specious reasoning.

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS.

FITZPATRICK (March 17th, before retiring). — Whatever ye do, Julia, don’t let me overslape in th’ mornin’. Iv ye don’t wake yersilf, wake me anyhow.

THE SMITTEN YOUNG LAWYER, THE BEAUTIFUL STENOGRAPHER AND THE AUTOMATIC FIRE EXTINGUISHER.



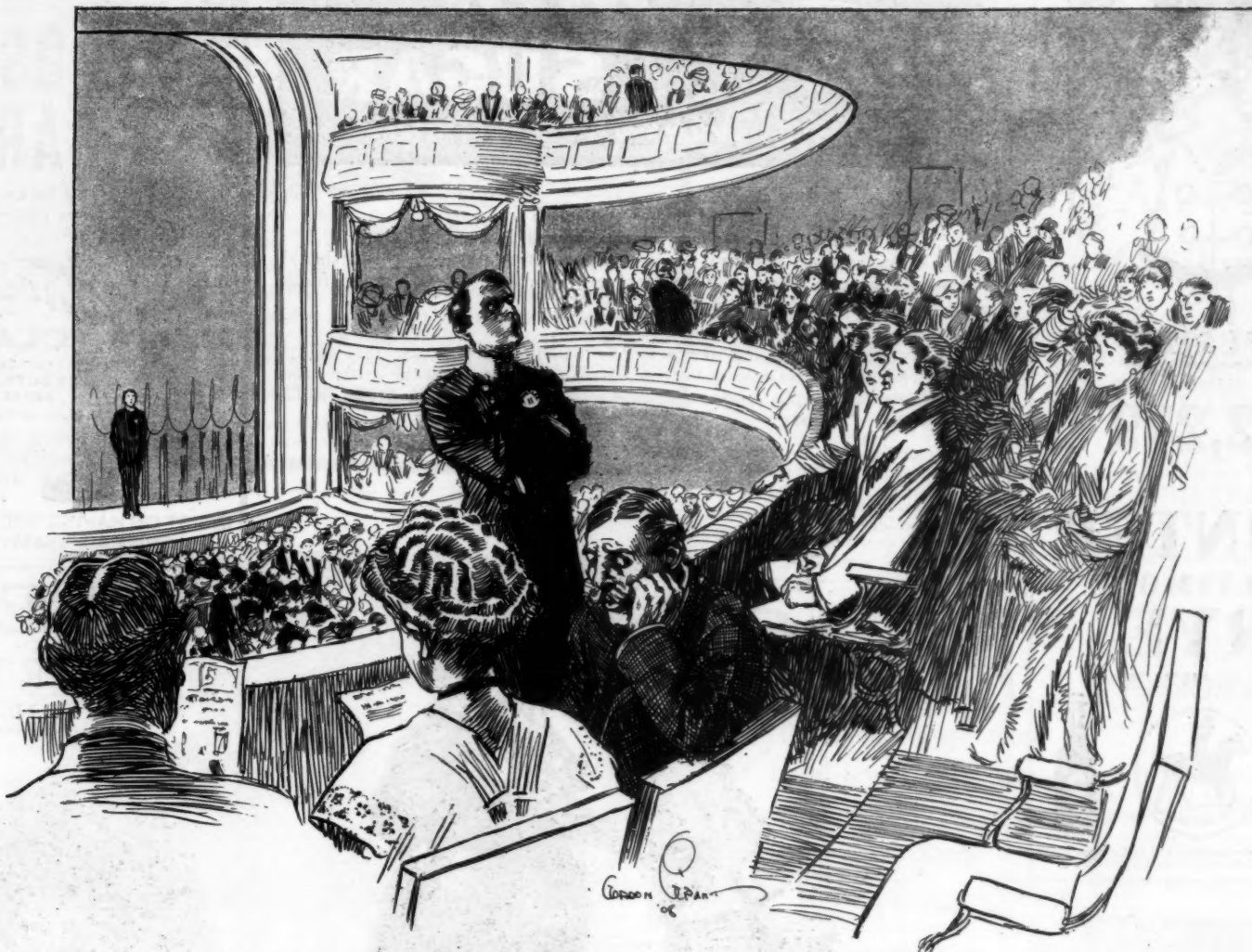
HOT.



HOTTER.



HOTTEST.



HOW TO INSURE A "SONG HIT" IN MUSICAL COMEDY.
HAVE THE USHERS WHISTLE IT BETWEEN THE ACTS.

LIZZIE, LIZZETTE AND CLARENCE.



THERE was once a gentle maid-of-all-work named Lizzie who shot the wary biscuit from early morn till the bullfrogs started in, and who was invariably good-natured except the morning after the annual ball of Delivery Boys' Union 44, when she was apt to be quite peevish till the breakfast dishes were done. Still, Lizzie was a good girl, and earned every cent of the six silver half dollars which her mistress counted into her hand on Saturday eve.

Now, in the same house where Lizzie worked lodged a refined soul named Clarence, who was altogether the blaze little thing when it came to love affairs. Lizzie admired him from a distance, but never presumed to any greater familiarity than smiling shyly as she set down his morning coffee. Clarence, however, never noticed her at all, and when one morning a large Swede tripped over the rug and distributed the breakfast dishes about the floor, Clarence supposed the daughter of the midnight sun had been waiting on table right along.

Thus, you see, Clarence had definite ideas about the proper

sphere of the kitchen maid, and when he heard that a certain Lizzie, who heretofore had poured his coffee had departed, he merely said; "—if I remember correctly, she—a—was—a—not—a—bad-looking girl for her class—don't you know?"

Two years passed. Lizzie, who had appeared with great success at two Amateur Nights, had simply picked up and run off to a big city. There her face and a pair of particularly well developed arms and (if we may say it) limbs had secured her a place in the merry-merry of a comic opera, where she was slated as Lizzette St. Clair. To retail the old story of how she jumped into fame in one night by singing "This is The Way They Scrubbed The Floor in Maggie Riley's Home" would be like telling the tale of the charge up San Juan. Everybody had heard it. Suffice to say, Lizzette jumped into the glare of \$150 per salary with her picture in every Sunday paper.

This is where Clarence comes into the story again.

He had grown too big for the small town and had "accepted a responsible mercantile position in the big city"—or anyway that's what the home paper said. Well, one night he went to the theater and sat up in front. Lizzette saw him and threw a paralyzing glance at him right where he sat. Before the week was out he had a glass arm from throwing bouquets.

On Saturday night he had the temerity to send in his card.

She looked at it and, hugging her lap-dog closer, said: "Really, I can't receive this person. I can't imagine who he is. Some pie-face mutt from one of those dreadful absurd little towns, I suppose."

Moral:—Get acquainted while you have the chance.

Horatio Winslow.

The time to practice economy is before you have to.



PURITY.

THE SERIAL NUMBER

12,279

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POSSIBILITIES OF PROFIT.

"You couldn't interest that capitalist in your flying machine?"

"No," answered the inventor. "I convinced him that it was practical, but he couldn't see it because there were no provisions made for strap-hanging passengers." — *Washington Evening Star*.

A WESTERN VIEW.

The more Wall Street and its followers rage the greater will the popularity of the President become. His foolish enemies are pursuing the very course that is certain to add to his political strength and to the good-will that is felt for him throughout the country. — *Chicago Record Herald*.



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THE NEW DIPLOMACY.

"Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought."

"Yes'm," replied Tommy; "ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I bin here so long now I forgot what it was." — *Philadelphia Press*.

"MYTHOMANIA" is the new scientific name of the disease that afflicts people who prevaricate merely because they prefer not to tell the truth. But old "shorter and uglier" will continue to be used when men get angry. — *Chicago Record Herald*.



JUST THE VERY MAN.

MISS QUEENSBRO.—Officer, where is that green goods man the police arrested yesterday?

OFFICER GROGAN.—At headquarters, ma'am. Did yez want to seey him?

MISS QUEENSBRO.—Yes; I thought he might match a sample for me. I simply can't get the shade I want at any of the stores.

To half a grape fruit add a teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and sugar to suit the taste. It's the ideal way to serve this delicious fruit.

NOT A THRIFTY COMMUNITY.

"Does anybody around here make a success of farming?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornloss. "Ol' Joe Struthers does. He sold his farm and is puttin' the money out at interest among us fellers." — *Washington Evening Star*.

THE SILVER LINING.

As a matter of history it needs to be recorded that the financial stress of 1908 in Massachusetts reached the stage of "free soup kitchens." It will be remembered that this has constituted a political reproach in the past when the Democratic party has been in Federal power. It will be no longer possible for the Republicans to claim freedom from the same stigma. — *Springfield Republican*.

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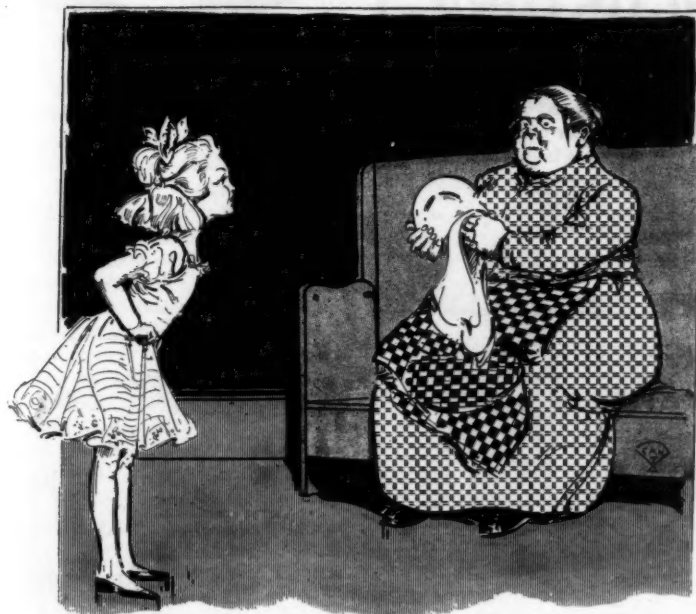
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THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

MAJORIE.—Do you know what I'm going to do, Rosey? I'm going to be cook here when I get a little bigger and then I can boss mama.

Remove the core from half a grape fruit, add teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters, and pulverized sugar to suit taste, and you have a delightful dish.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

It is hard to realize, but not so many years ago the old hands were pooh-poohing Roosevelt as a "tyro in politics."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

UNCLE JOE CANNON has always held his presidential boom where he could treat it humorously if circumstances should make this seem desirable.—*Washington Evening Star*.

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AT THE OPERA.

Good morn', Signor! You looka bright
For wan dat's out so late las' night.
Oh, yes, I see you w'en you came
E'en opera house for "La Boheme."
I too was dere. Eh? Eet was grand?
You bat my life! dat's true, my frand.
You are surprise' an' so delight
For dat dey seeng so good las' night?
Ah! you would see
Why dat should be
Eef you could know so mooch as me.

You evva hear da love more strong
Dan speak las' night through evra song,
Through evratheeng dey say an' do
Dat mak' da story plain to you?
You know, eet ees not only art
Dat breeng da music from da heart.
You s'pose dat art ees only theeng
Mak' Angela so good to seeng?
Ah! you would see
Dat could not be
Eef you could know so mooch as me.

Oh! Angela ees seeng so sweet
Your heart eeside your breast ees beat—
Eh? Angela? You don'ta know?
She's pretta girl een firsta row,
Weeth face so sweet an' form so grand,
An' di'mon' reeng on lefta hand.
You deed not see? You meess a treat;
She ees da heart an' soul of eet!
Ah! you would see
Why dat should be
Eef you could know so mooch as me.

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



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NEW YORK merchants are determined that social standing shall no longer protect the shoplifter. After while there will be no object in belonging to the 400.—*Phila. Ledger*.

Down in St. Louis a jury has decided that a man will have to pay \$501 damages to a woman whom he called an "old hen." The amount was probably marked up from \$499 out of regard for the lady's feelings.—*Chicago Record Herald*.

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"Come along, paw," snorted Maw Hoptoad. "I hain't a-goin' to stand fer no undressin' scene."—*The Houston Chronicle*.


EVELYN, it is said, wants a million dollars for giving up Harry, but it is probable that she would make a liberal discount for cash.—*Chicago Record Herald*.

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IN DESPERATE MOOD.

"Why didn't you remember that it was Satan who tempted you into that scheme of graft?"

"Because it wasn't," answered the man who was being investigated. "Sometimes I wish it had been an expert like Satan instead of the bungling amateurs who got me into all this publicity."—*Washington Star*.

MILK is down to 7 cents again; the cows are evidently getting over the panic.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

THERE is one notable exception to the rule that heat expands and cold contracts. Look at your bills for coal.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE invention of the noiseless fire-arm may be one of the world's wonders, but wait until somebody invents the noiseless phonograph.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Now that evidences of water have been detected on Mars the theory may be advanced that the inhabitants are sufficiently civilized to indulge in stock gambling.—*Washington Star*.

THAT the traction companies should have used stuffed dummies instead of passengers on which to experiment with their new fenders is only another evidence of the amazingly rapid advance of civilization.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

A Burlesque Historical Novel

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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ART AND MATERIALISM.

"Literature has to face many discouragements," said the sympathetic auditor.

"Yes," answered the man with ink on his fingers. "There is just one thing to be thankful for and that is that they don't boost the price of postage stamps as fast as they do the price of white paper."—*Washington Star*.

REFERRED.

"Anything in that rumor that you're going to get a divorce?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the theatrical star, languidly; "you might ask my press agent."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.


It is understood that the more enterprising sporting editors have arranged to report the meeting of the Illinois Central stockholders at Chicago by rounds.—*Indianapolis News*.



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SHAME ON HIM!

"Of course, John," said Mrs. Young-husband, "I like my kitchen quite well, but I'd like to have one of those new portable ranges."

"But, my dear," protested her foxy husband, "we'd have to get portable cooking utensils to go with it."

"That's so. I never thought of that."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



ONE BETTER.

UNCLE JOEL.—Goin' t' take Summer boarders up at your place this year, Otis?

OTIS.—Reckon so; Dad says he needs the money so bad he's thinkin' of takin' Spring boarders.

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An atmosphere of art is the breath of life to the artist. Without it he can neither flourish nor grow; and how can there be an atmosphere of art in a country which practically prohibits the artists of all other countries from sending their work to that country, thus destroying the possibility of that ingathering from the whole world of all the best and latest thought which would help to produce the art atmosphere in which alone the arts can flourish?

Artists, as a rule, are not capitalists; and to send their work to America before it is sold, and pay the heavy duty demanded, is, as a rule, too great

a speculation for them to venture upon. Consequently, the Parisian dealers who are capitalists, but not artists, are the speculators who decide what pictures shall and what shall not enter the United States; and their selection does not depend upon the artistic quality of the pictures, but upon those qualities which, in their judgment, make the picture salable.

American artists and their work are so liberally received and hospitably treated by all other countries that it is a matter of chagrin and embarrassment to me that laws are made by my countrymen which keep the work of artists of other countries out of the United States, laws which hamper our own artists and benefit nobody else."—*Edwin E. Abbey.*

THE bishop of London says he had the time of his life in this country. That's what Bishop Potter had when he went abroad.—*Somerville Journal.*

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GENTLEMAN ABOUT TOWN.—An' if a guy swiped a coin outer de cup, d'yer mean t' say de dog 'ould yelp an' grab him?
NEAR BLIND PERSON.—Sure he would!—He ain't no dummy director.

IMPORTANT THING TO KNOW.

PROFESSOR (examining medical student).—If you are called out to a patient what is the first question you would ask?

MEDICAL STUDENT—Where he lives!
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE EXCEPTION.

"You believe, then, that it is right to take human life?"

For an instant the anarchist was thoughtful.

"Not under all circumstances," he replied. "Suppose this monster you call the State should desire to take mine?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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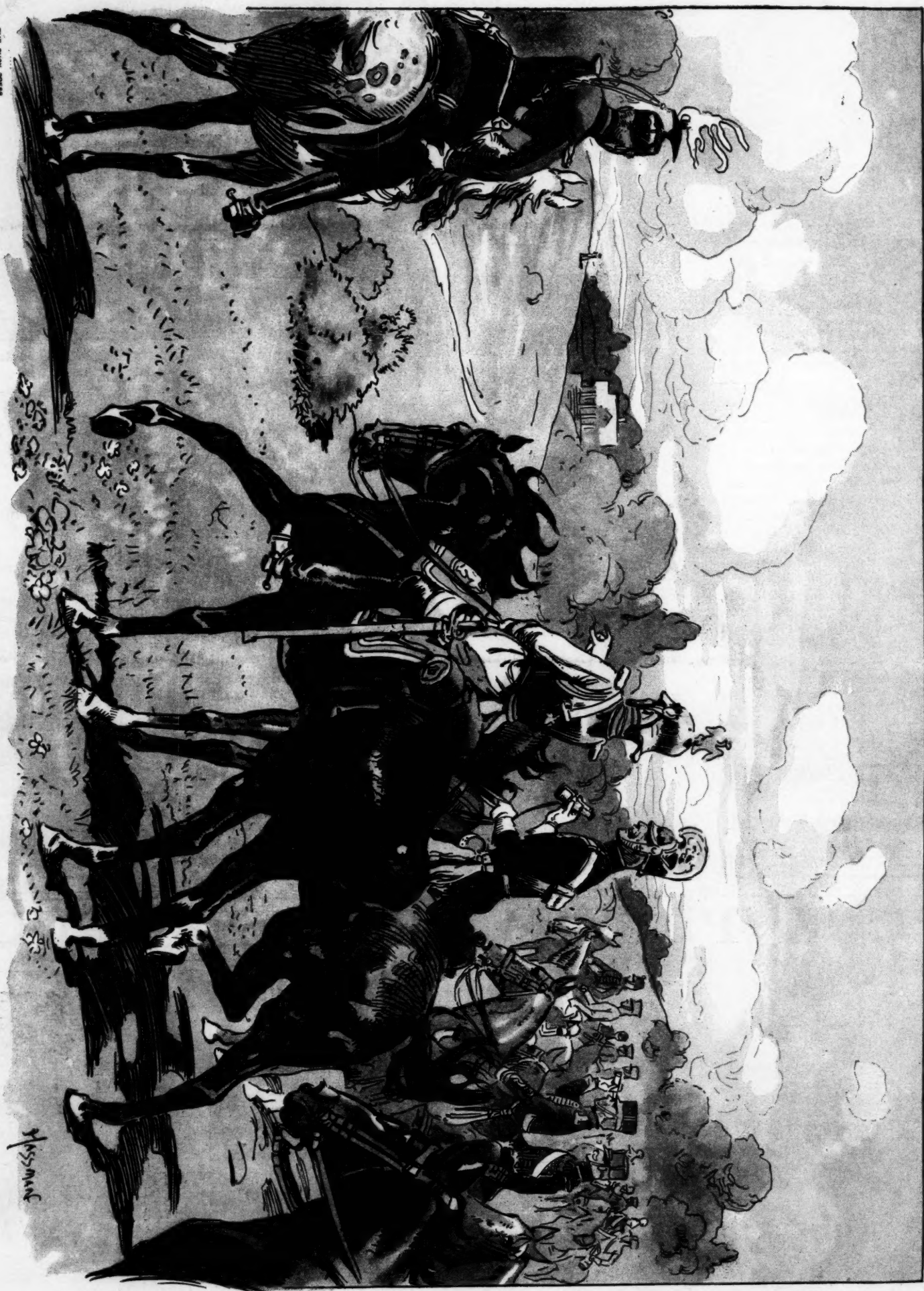


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OUR DEPLETED ARMY.

FOREIGN OFFICER (at American army headquarters).—Why is that sentry posted on that hill top?
ANOTHER F. O.—Ah, but that is not a sentry. I have made inquiries and I find that he is a regiment of reserves.